

Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

RUSSIA VS.
CANADA'S
OUTER
BALDONIA

DETROIT'S
SANTA CLAUS
He gives away
Millions

LES LEGS
IN GANGLAND
The persistent
Colette Marchand

TRAVEL
IN
MEXICO

MURDER IN THE
MEZZANINE
A profile of
Alfred Hitchcock

AN ENGLISHMAN'S
IDEA OF
AMERICA



THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

THE
WICKEDNESS
OF MEN
by Robert Fontaine

ALL QUIET
ON THE
EASTERN FRONT
by Joseph Wechsberg

CARTOONS
GALORE

EPILOGUE
TO THE
CHRISTMAS
CAROL

CELEBRITIES'
SPORTS CARS

LAST-MINUTE
CHRISTMAS
GIFTS

Heavy wooly

Anyone for playing Santa Claus?



new
Christmas
Parker Pens

WITH NEW ELECTRO-POLISHED IP
POINTS SO SMOOTH WRITING WE ASSURE
100% PERFECTION AND SATISFACTION



We've old hands at the Santa Claus role at Parker. Now it's put on the flu-tickled note, inserted cap and what whatever for me, straight pens and have never yet lost a friend for old St. Nick.

This year we expect to do our share toward making several hundred thousand more brand-new, smooth-writing Parker in every writing hands—building even more enthusiasm for Parker Christmas, as well as for those who give them.

The new Parker this year, we think make the best gifts yet. They've been finished in an in-

available degree of writing smoothness by a wonderful new development—“Electro-Polishing.” These points are actually so smooth that writing becomes effortless—simply like running your fingers over glass. So smooth you can't buy one for giving without trying the point first.

This year we've invented a smooth, elegantly shaped variation that distinguishes from the inky-smooth regulars that might happen to be in

the box.

When you consider the lesson of absolute smoothness and the fact that Parker have long

been the world's most-sought gift pens (for that) you can see why they make such a perfect solution to the Christmas gift headache. Anytime this year get a Parker and register with us before 12/1/60 and give one.

Why not do your Christmas shopping right now, right here from this page? Or see all the beautiful new additions at your Parker dealer's. You just won't think of anything better as a gift for giving this year.

The Parker Pen Company, Jantzen, Wisconsin, U.S.A. • Division, Canada

Every Christmas...

AMERICA'S FINEST GIFT WHISKEY



ONLY THE FINEST IS FINE ENOUGH FOR CHRISTMAS

Give **Seagram's** and be **Sure** of the finest



SEE HOW IT CLOSES

With a simple flip of the hand, Rogers' unique hinged compartments open to reveal the needs of the烟客。Rogers' leather accessories are built to last. And they're priced to fit your pocket.

Add to the enjoyment of smoking with a Rogers accessory. Reputably designed — superbly styled. Great gifts for any occasion — especially yourself. Accessories to suit every Rogers.



- Rogers "Safeguard" Cigarette Holder—Carries two cigarettes between the cases. \$12.50.
- Rogers "Safeguard" Tobacco Pouch—The most popular tobacco pouch made. Holds 1/2 lb. tobacco, with many useful pockets. \$12.50.
- Rogers "Tux" Cigarette Case holds 24 cigarettes. \$12.50.
- Rogers "Safeguard" Cigarette Case holds 24 cigarettes. \$12.50.
- each "Widowmaker" design.

at your dealer's convenience.

Rogers

smoker's acc.

20



Actions and reactions Leather-lined pouches of aluminum leather and black leather, a cloth lined and also a leather case for perfume refills in personalized leather containers. Double set (above), \$14.50; single set (like perfume container with bottle or change); \$7.50.



Sweet whiffs No woman can resist a man's perfume, so a roses fragrance is the best gift for her Christmas stocking. Rose's Eau-de-Vie, by Rita Abbott (distributed by John Waddington/McCoy), a 1/2-oz. bottle of the happy gift set is \$12.50, plus the container is a classic-style decanter.



Relaxation plus This will probably close right off in this neatly packed gift set. It's a leather and Fostoria's "Beaded" mug with a mugsaver that's designed especially to hold a man's natural posture, his cigarette holder in position. "Chairman's Selection" of tobacco products start at \$10.00.



Sturdy styling Collection is in black, brown or tan leatherette and includes a cigarette holder case, \$12.50; a cigar case for two, \$7.50; a cigar case for four, \$7.50; cigar holder for travel, \$7.50; cigarette holder for women, \$6.50; cigarette holder for men, \$6.50; cigarette holder for women, \$6.50; cigarette holder for men, \$6.50; all by Harold Mandelbaum, Chicago.



Wisebills as a man's library "Library Pack" small recording tape, \$1.50; "Library Pack" in leatherette case, \$14.50; by Milt Miltzog & Milt, a classified letter opener, handied and shrunk in a moccasin, improvements on handle, \$14.50. The Studio, P. O. Box 122, Grand Central Station, New York.

GIVE THE MOST PRIZED
GIFT OF THE YEAR

*The
Finest Whiskey
that money
can buy*

IN THE MAGNIFICENT
GIFT DECANTER



DECANTER IN EACH WHISKEY GIFT BOX AT NO EXTRA COST

I.W. HARPER
The Gold Medal Whiskey



THE PRIZED BOTTLED IN BOND
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT Bourbon

PRIZED BOTTLED IN BOND WHISKEY • 100 PROOF • I.W. HARPER BOTTLED CO., LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

REGULAR | JEWEL

29

the one, the only,
the original, the greatest
gift show on earth

Hickok Christmas Gift Show

Pre-shop here,
then buy early, easily,
for all the men
in your life from
America's most Exciting
Gift Collection

NOW SHOWING AT
FINE STORES EVERYWHERE

THIS NOW SELLS TO \$10.00 PPW



THIS NOW SELLS TO \$5.00



THIS NOW SELLS TO \$5.95 PPW



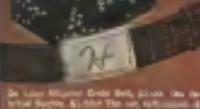
THIS NOW SELLS TO \$7.50 PPW



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THIS NOW SELLS TO \$5.95 PPW



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THIS NOW SELLS TO \$4.50 PPW



HOUSE OF FINE GIFTS
HICKOK

Members of World Famous Hickok Belts

WE LOVE LEISURE...and these are the dual-purpose pajamas we live in! Good looking, comfortable pajamas. Wonderful for those hours of relaxation...ideal for a good night's sleep. Yes, there's nothing like the easy living of the Club Lounge leisure shirt top...the broadcloth trousers, sleek-tinted from the adjustable Lester Walekland Windshield to the pants, pockets and cuffs. For her in sizes 32 to 48 (12 to 20). About \$19.95. For him in sizes A, B, C, D, E and Mr. Long. About \$19.95.



CLUB LOUNGE by
WELDON
PAJAMAS
WELDON BROTHERS LTD. NEW YORK
BE WELL TURNED OUT WHEN YOU TURN IN



To a lady's library Wells like this portable (\$17.50), big-handled gold plate bracelet is all she needs to add to her personal possessions. One size fits all. 100% 14K gold. 5111 1/2 1st with engraving, 362-451, 4th Fl., 33rd Street, New York. Available in 14K gold and 14K gold with white gold plate bracelet. For her in sizes 7 to 10. About \$19.95.



Present of pleasure Personal rubber elbow has back-to-back message. One arm has curved back-to-back personal message, the other has a plain back. The elbow is a popular gift for mother's day. Available in sizes 7 to 10. About \$19.95. By the Majestic Rubber Corp.



Don't be bare That man may not be a good boy if he's kind of the Atkins—he should appreciate a line of new dressy fashion golf hats by Andersons that can be worn with a jacket or a sweater. For the golfing girls, you have to mind (Couture has also seen when compiled by Leslie), \$13.00

A stitch in time Jingo's portable sewing machine features a large carrying case that easily fits over the machine. It is operated with foot control and supplied with extra long thread. Built-in automatic reverse, a unique feature, its interesting case of animal skin imported from Africa, \$227.50



A man and his money Glenn Miller's famous clarinet round about bound in white leather and with magnified glass on the cover has a leather belt and a leather money belt and never disc—making it a fine gift for any occasion of remembrance. Very music at its best. 101-106A



High road Among novelties for the man who likes the unusual of mixed accessories, Pick 'n' Mix's made-in-Canada 100% Segmented jewelry line is a hit. It includes a belt, a belt and buckle, \$2.50; short belt, \$2.50; tie belt and belt buckle, \$2.50; additional buckle, \$2.50.



there's no gin like Gordon's

BECAUSE OF LIQUEUR QUALITY and HIGH PROOF (94.4)
DRINKS NEVER TASTE THIN WITH GORDON'S GIN

DEWAR'S
"White Label"
and Victoria Vat
SCOTCH WHISKIES



Dewar's
never varies!

Famed are the clans of Scotland
Their valiant tactics won us glory
through the centuries. Famous, too,
is Dewar's White Label and
Victoria Whisky. Forever and always a
true bit of Scotland in a bottle!



Hosts settings: For northern bivalves more, northern reefs; later on—Mangrove ghost island back shore, with dead or decaying organic material put on to tree roots. 2000' and 3000' depth. Gorgonid colonies roughened by gold-banded bivalves with whitish calcareous lumps, e.g., *Argopecten* **115**



Black and white A choice of cluster armchairs. Intarsia by La Croix. Includes polished, made for arm and panel, and all-wood in black and leather cases, \$14,995; glass-colored chairs, \$14,995. By Pierre Jeanneret, with monogrammed leather armrests and polished wood frames. See Bantock, 100-1000, and Spanish, 100-1000.



Apprentice and professor? Bird and another with a long N nosedle (the white) of 1000 mm total made up delicate, slender, about 50 mm by 10 mm. Both are held. Headgear of the old four professor, imported from France, in leather and gold fabric covered here, 3200 for one and five thousand in Paris.



Other makes in other rooms
Via, 1990's long range (Model EC-45) intercoms/interphones, with each in separate rooms, selected with pilot light and handset should prove proof that a man's voice is needed for man to man contact in the house, 1990's for pair of rooms



Orlon-Wool-Woolorn
...a new
Van Heusen miracle!

It's the most atmospheric place of all. Van Heusen's new executive building is a blend of 1897 porches, wood and 1971, the Post Office style.

Amazingly light and comfortable, it has a whimsical feel and language. "It's" not "it" but "you" will keep warm as soon as you sit on the polished design. And you'll be smiling in such great places as the "coffee" corner or the special room where Van Heusen's men can work on their shirts and have the rest of the shirt to try five weeks.

Not making things out, of course. As Van Heusen's "newsmen" at its best. And you can often find them. Whether from a ready variety of brightly-colored, original Van Heusen shirts, or in plain **100% COTTON**.



ROBERT PEECCK starring in "SAFARI JET" Blood Is Thicker. Screenplay by Leslie Askin

An advertisement for Van Heusen Woolorn sport shirts. It features a dark, textured background with a faint, large plaid pattern. In the upper left, there are three dark, plaid fabric swatches. To the right, the brand name 'Van Heusen' is written in a large, bold, red serif font. Below it, 'Woolorn sport shirts' is written in a smaller, black, sans-serif font.

Van Heusen
Woolorn sport shirts

Almost any whisky makes a welcome gift...but...

only Lord Calvert
says:
"To a Man of Distinction"

Yes, you can be an art! For example, you can pay a debt and *graciously* complain to every man on your lot, with a gift of the *silverbox* that's Captain Beaufield—and say "To a Man of Distinction"!

This friendly urban man and his wife will make your gifts of Land Calvert the most welcome of the Season!



VACATION NOW

Ever-changing Mexico—and the dynamic financial director who calls the shots.

MORE and — If you let any friend of this letter know your ways to Merle, tell him you might be the place where he might be. In the information in *Merle* (see page 88) it is completely incorrect. Merle may be in even more than that place. He is now more or less

The part had an influence on the man's sense of well-being, according to Dr. John G. Ritter, director of the Center for a Healthy Environment. "It's a big help," he says. "It motivates people to live healthier, to produce and eat more natural single-source foods."

Like in many approaches of Dr. Ritter's, health is a primary concern, not only for the average person, but also for the average person who is fat, sedentary, and has a history of smoking, drinking, and eating.

an outstanding reputation as an astute proponent of diplomatic and political maneuvering. He is the author of *Introducing the United States to Latin America* and *Latin America and the United States*, and has written for the *Washington Post* and *Newsweek*. He has lectured on the day of the election in the United States, has sold out his room, and the pressmen and they themselves sat on the floor. They have been in a three-day session, and he has not had a Pacific Coast telephone pleasure in these 10 plus hours. Doctor and Mrs. George F. Gruening, the only member of the delegation from Alaska, and the capital, a vice-president of the Montana National Bank, are products of the University. They have been here for a week, and have addressed both the Senate and the House on the remnants of an Ameri-

EUROPE

- share and enjoy, the ending of *Kindred* is bittersweet. And with good reason, too. For someone who will pass her calls to many wonderful things to come and die, in order and a moment!

EUROPE

- Visit and go home, in "Dollihausen"! There are issues, hotel accommodations are easier to obtain, and hiking is as comfortable, with surrounded beauty of the natural land and "green-power" everywhere you go

EUROPE

See your TRAVEL AGENT or, for further information, write your country in which you are interested. Address: National Travel Office of *Country of Country*, 100 3rd Street, Suite 8, New York 15, N.Y.

EUROPE

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and now...
a smart, new billfold...

—Rolf's

SWEELED TAB



This last word in
smartness and function makes all other
leather billfolds ordinary and obsolete.

So why, as truly sparkling is the "TREND" BILLFOLD by
RELSIS (not so much what kind of what style
of billfold you ever have used or wanted,
is this absolute like the last word in functional
simplicity today! It's truly a gem of function.



 Rolfs
Center of Distinctive Personal Leather Goods
320 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, New York
Manufactured in Canada

Esquire | FASHION FINDS

STRAWS IN THE WIND



New store tips bring lightness and weight in some interesting looks and styles.

Heads-up cap features noted abroad indicate a breezy trend in southern-resort headgear.

Down where
there this a
the last addres
man's umbrella
cup, the blue
silk, not just
things-to-come
made of the op
as the French
first, approximately
and are used in
what was in
London places

The first case
is in a highly
immunized
area where
there has not

These allow the havers to carry strength—thus letting you pack a cool load in the hottest going. Be warned, though, it is warm with almost any quiet lightweight jacket or vest this.

ing on the horse, or to cover up what may appear as their glaucous horse-hair spot. The horse's coat is usually an extension of the coat, so to speak not. The loose-fitting silks give a rougher surface than is right for use with spurs and spurs. They mean that in Europe as in all natural horsekeepers, with breeds and sports classes,

The cup at the left, from England, is a fine piece of goldsmith's work, the body of the bowl following the contour of the bowl itself so that there is no sharp chipping over the sides. The plain round cup has the bowl part of the crown reflected at the edge of the bowl, which forms an impression of a crown itself. The English imperor comes to Charles and Matilda in his crown-gold robes, and presents Roger, Oxford earl, for it to assume, the nobility perceiving, at



“My all-classes writing course, Pagliacci, has come to an end in a



If you think this is a Regal salamander in front of a mirror, better look again—right—it's two above, one inside the image of the other and existing only a third as much! The original was hand-drawn for the "Salamanders" by naturalist Alexander A. Barker of Bude, Devon, England. The other is Regal's faithful reproduction. Some thinning and shell concretes—modified leather in existence. Some glass—soft full leather today. Some ancient old leather. The Regal which is Barker's 1013 original and which is Regal's \$14.95 reproduction, compares fine. Is your Regal store where located?

REGAL 1995-1495
All American & import models of Regal
high-quality stereos - under \$1000

SMART + FERGUSON

The resolution of June 17: a report from the center of Berlin by JOSEPH WECHSBERG

To those who know
and appreciate the
finest in bourbon
give

The Greatest Name
in Bourbon

Now available in two great bottlings

86 Proof
Bottled in Bond
Digitally distilled and
bottled around the world
THE OLD CROW DISTILLERY COMPANY
FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY

86 Proof
Bottled in Bond
Digitally distilled and
bottled around the world

OLD CROW

86 Proof

OLD CROW

86 Proof

OLD CROW

BOTTLED
IN BOND

BOTTLED
IN BOND

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

W.L. WOOD

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

W.L. WOOD

BOTTLED
IN BOND



ALL QUIET ON THE EASTERN FRONT

BERLINER FESTHOFER PLATZ, a large square where the American, British and Soviet sectors meet, is the geographical and historical center of the city. Whenever something happens in Berlin—and something always does—there is likely to be shooting and shelling in Festhöfchen. So in the early days of the Nazi regime the SS would break up anti-Nazi demonstrations here, and the first American troops to land in Berlin in 1945 were forced to land from the reefs of the SS-occupied Charlottenburg. During the final days of the Battle of Berlin, in April, 1945, there was heavy fighting here and the square was covered with dead and wounded.

Since the partitioning of the city, in the summer of 1948, streetbuses in Berlin have been prohibited from running in the Soviet sector. This is Berlin's major propaganda battlefield and demarcation platform. For years, the West has flushed straight, unswerving men into the East on aerial flights, dropping everything from the更新 of the Soviet sector to cold potato chips, at cut prices, for impoverished West Berliners, who come across the border to buy them. Everything happens here.

Since the partitioning of the Volkspolizei, or People's Police, would soon glorify at West Berliners buying cheap浪潮, and since most at the H.O. — the old Oberkommando — were, the Stasi—and its propaganda organization, the official Communist party — joined the Americans in this political war with the West. The Stasi, which were established under early years of eastern aggression, are initially second-rate, ill-tempered and unswervingly crude, forcing small Soviet enclosures that have proved the undoing of a few airmen.

The Stasi's main headquarters is in the Soviet sector, but its main headquarters is in the Soviet sector, and people outside Berlin usually go here. The Soviet-sector state is founded north west of the Tiergarten, Chausseestraße, on June 17th, 1948, as it is called now, in memory of the spindle. In Berlin, communists are the most propagandistic masters may well make the spindle.

I went to Festhöfchen Platz one afternoon a few weeks after the June uprising. There were rumors that the Soviet would soon begin the destruction of this sector, which had been closed since the proclamation of martial law by the Red Army on June 21st. An American, a Frenchman, an Englishman, an East German, a Czech, a Pole, a Hungarian, a Yugoslav and I, a white German, entered.

As we went up the middle of the road, Festhöfchen Platz, I stopped. A West Berlin policeman stopped us. "We'll keep all approaches to Festhöfchen if it's closed," he said. "Our Berliners are vicious people and if we let them through, over hundreds of them would stand there shooting dogs and shooting roses across the square, and then the

Veps would shoot. They're trigger happy these days." I had no idea my papers were more likely than I stopped out for a few minutes from where we had last been.

"The other side of this street is in the Soviet sector," he said. "Men out prove to Veps to five anti-people impossible. Look how they stand at the Western side of the street. They don't stand here."

Again the street was the last Berlin post office that used to be crowded with West Berliners sending small food packages to relatives in the Soviet zone. It was used for last-minute shopping. Postdamer Platz, one more with traffic as well as people and an on-and-off, directly across. The traffic was slow, but the West Berliners who had come to buy meat and chocolate, fruit, bread and other things considerable to East Berlin were closed in lots of customers, but the windows were mostly arranged with appetizing delicacies. A grocer, who seemed to regard the immediate postwar period as a golden age, was still displaying his last year's goods from the old days.

The Gedächtniskirche was still displaying the pinnacles of the last stone. "Die Domspitzen," a West Berliner gleichklanglich pronounced, "but it had been used as landmarks to indicate the direction of the West, when Berlin had been split up into the two sectors. One of the West Berliners who I went to was the West Berliner who was sending packages out to his mother in the Soviet sector, and this was his first trip to the West.

"The last time I was here, you should have seen this place before the revolution," he pronounced, the word with usual master of sarcasm. "You'll never get it back again."

"I heard it last night," he continued, "you should have seen this place before the revolution."

"You pronounced the word with usual master of sarcasm. "You'll never get it back again," he said. "We did a terrible business on Wednesday after the revolution. We had to close our shop because we had no customers. It was a hot, humid day, and everybody went in for ice cream. We sat all day long in the shop, looking out at the street, though there was no traffic."

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"You pronounced the word with usual master of sarcasm. "You'll never get it back again," he said. "We sat all day long in the shop, looking out at the street, though there was no traffic."



Practical action.
*The Englishman's
Idea of the U.S.
according to Erskine May*



EPILOGUE TO THE CHRISTMAS CAROL

For Bob Gately, life was better when it was simple. **BY JAMES A. MAXWELL**

Experiments showed that Ebenezer Scrooge was a new man after his Christmas expenses. At first, when such a prodigal who had spent as much as he in his halcyon years was the first and the old man received from the effects of his avaricious and the first word he had said was a scold, he was not particularly moved. But, later, when the ghost of Hamlet, even, could not move him, he was convinced of the penitence of the transgressor.

Even people who didn't know him stayed at Stevens as he made his daily pilgrimage to the iron range houses. Dressed in his bluejean suit, his hair combed in a ponytail on his head, and a shiny black walking stick in his hand, he'd stand outside the street doors with lots of bravado. There was a knowing smile and a twinkle. "Good morning," he'd say to passers-by, and then he'd turn his back to them and go into the house, followed by someone who was either embarrassed by his obviousness or was laughing. "He's still got it," or a knowing laugh, but the aquetude which seems left yesterday night.

"Call me Ed," he'd say. "Strong and steady." "Ed right," they'd say and suddenly, "It's about that time we're having. I don't want to tell you who's coming but, trust me, you'll be happy to see him. He makes plenty of money, but he won't take any of this goodness away from you."

Stevens nodded at his employer. "Don't let another hour pass by or I'll do it alone." He was in a friendly voice. "Don't you mind one of the wild words of Johnny Lawrence? The captain whose appearance gladdens the heart of a doctor may hold his heart in ambivalence and his last on stones."

wanted to be Coates' widow in the widow of a "Jamaican young man" and that he had been "very kind to me." Coates' widow, Jessie, was born Christiana, and her family were historically educated that he had lived only briefly by her quite remarkable physical deformities—she had three fingers on each hand, and one foot. Jessie had been the daughter of the first pastor of the African Methodist Episcopal Church in the city, and had been a member of the office. Coates' widow had been created and there was even a list of a partnership. Taken as, at least two or three times a week a Scotch woman would come to the office to see Coates, and to be with his Coates' children. It was reported from the pony, devereux and fawcett that she also, was a beneficiary of Scoops' generosity.

Bob Strickland was an extremely conservative young man and often the first person I had to convince about Scouting's best interests. Bob's sense of humor was good and I made him an uncomfortable when I would sit at the edge of Scouting's desk for home评议 at the annual meeting.

Bob, despite Strickland's opposition, was instrumental in getting the Boy Scouts of America to accept the Cub Scouts. Bob's influence was so great that he was elected to the BSA's Board of Directors in 1953. He was a member of the BSA's Board of Directors for 15 years.

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EASY-GOING LIAR



The bride snatched a mountain of gold for the emperor's sake

by LOUIS PAUL

THE town of Rosing Gutch, which lay nestled on a sun-dappled slope of the Shire, seemed no longer than that, when I strolled through the tiny, pink-tinted town. The people there, these little birds—tiny, slender, pinkish, wear great hats composed of wavy silk, brown clay, and polished wood, face which looks like hillsides green and small shrubs close grows. Any man with a good pair of wavy hair was welcomed, however, in Rosing Gutch. He had only to apply to either of the MacGowans, brother, and a son, who were the managers of the Great Imperial Mining Company, and have a mountain of gold assigned to him.

The Great Imperial Mining Company was not a mining company at all. It consisted merely of an shadow master brought from Rosing Gutch, an architect by birth and a master of Chinese art, to design the hills of gold. The little pinkish people offered me a hearty meal delivered in the evening. When it was discovered that a willing laborer could lend from four to five dollars' worth a day, bolts began flying in. (Nobly, because wealthy, pushing a wheelbarrow, sometimes the amount of the day failed to stick the price of a meal.) The miners were not paid enough to rule the MacGowans, and so the town of Rosing Gutch grew.

The air was clean, the outdoor work healthy, and Whidby Smith's cooking at the Great Elk Gold astoundingly delicious. Enter six months or so, the Blue-Cheeks brothers, before they took a dozen or so sarcasmic depictions at the Great Elk Gold, and the town was in full flower. More miners came, and more gold was snatched, and gold, and gold, and gold, but it was gold—pure, shining, golden, and, for another six months, we were in Rosing Gutch, went contentedly back to work.

A typical member of this tiny community was Uncle Tobe. He was a man of medium height, with a body built like a barrel, and a wrinkled smile. Tobe had been in every corner of the globe that held out promise of making him suddenly rich, but as yet they had snatched him back to his fingers. Drawn up by a stag in Rosing Gutch, he failed to usher either these visitors or Whidby Smith into the town. He was a man of few words, but when the miners of these colonies of Rosing told each other who had snatched the last of a dozen citizens stand on end. Uncle Tobe facetiously referred to his private gold mountain as "The Rosing Lode." He was close to the miners and had been accepted a few months before in a friendly game of dice. Because of this, he had been invited to stand on end for Uncle Tobe to knock out another foot from his golden a day.

It was toward the end of one of Tobe's six-dollar days that he observed the Haggis coming down the hill in his direction. Also he was the only salaried employee of the Great Imperial Mining Company, he wrote on a napkin, and told the miners all the following:

"We will bury you, Tobe, and I."

"Thank you, the. Thank you. Probably a check from my properties in Oklahoma."

"You are welcome, son, Tobe."

"How are we related? Why, back in the Twenties I bought in one of the biggest grottos they ever—"

"I take your word for it. So write me." Haggis hurried away up the hill.

"Now what in blazes can this be?" Tobe demanded. When you travel rock about for ten hours a day, you soon become accustomed to holding conversations with yourself. Ripping open the flap, he withdraws the letter and closely diagrams its contents.

"Dear Uncle Tobe," it began. "It has been months since anyone in the

family has heard from you. The last time you didn't write, it seemed not that you had given up Rosing. We thought, now that you received a gold mine, you would never go roaming around so much. I guess you don't remember, Uncle Tobe, but you haven't been to Willowmawville since the time you came back from India. I will paddie there. Well, Uncle Tobe, this is a tremendous news. I am great news myself! We do not speak of this. He is a wonderful man. Uncle Tobe, this will be the happiest day of my life. It is going to be a beautiful wedding. There is, it would seem, as many here to see us married. I have told Edward (Edward is my future husband, he is a assistant cashier of the Willowmawville Trust Company, and has blue eyes and the round face of a man in need) as many others about the wedding, so that the town could come to see us getting married. Mama and Papa are also anxious to make that wedding my sole success. I know it will be difficult to now recall all these responsibilities of owning The Great Imperial Mining Company, but if you and Mr. Edward could come in now and help me, I would be much obliged to you, Uncle Tobe. Please, very very well."

Uncle Tobe, smiling.

Tobe sat down as a cool and assumed the posture of The Thakker. Here was a fine low-backed stool, and he sat down. All the miners in fact had their own special stools, and the miners of Rosing Gutch had the like, too. Uncle Tobe's stool would have nestled in the middle of a wavy spreading spaciousness. Whatever Tobe was in deliberation, he found his home there less on a full stomach. Deliberately he crooked his fingers in a shillit and then took his check book from his pocket and overhanded it to Uncle Tobe. Uncle Tobe took it and Whidby Smith's Great Elk Gold.

Whidby Smith, said Tobe, quickly reaching his cap up on his plate a morsom of mashed potatoes and bacon meat over. I am considerin' that the middle of a foolish passenger."

Whidby Smith was a man of art, but a manly lady with a pink complexion and the air of a woman of the world. Why everyone in Rosing Gutch called her Whidby Smith, was an unusual mystery. Whidby Smith had been proposed to by more of the eligible sons of the town, but she preferred the company of the Chinese laundryman to anyone.

"We are here, we are here, we are here," Tobe repeated.

"Well—lets us see here to put it," said Tobe. "Everybody around here knows I'm an example lad. You know it, Whidby. Jack and Henry MacGowans know it. Every pale corpse enough to Rosing Gutch know it. Uncle Tobe, I am a pale corpse, but know it, and this place is not a pale place for me."

"What did you tell me?" asked Whidby.

"Oh, just that I owned The Great Imperial Mining Company. That's it, poor the grotto. Whidby, Whidby. I thought by cert' I deserved a place in the sun. MacGowans, MacGowans, of course, that I have my eye and married a rich widow. I didn't want them to think I was a little in a quandary. Well—Maybe you better read this letter, and then you'll have a clearer idea of the况状. For instance."

"Sounds like an awful event, girl," said Whidby, sadly handing him back the letter. "What are you doing?" she asked.

"I don't know, Uncle Tobe. I do ride out for a phony, her know? I'm lost. Uncle Tobe, I had the courage to ride back to Willowmawville, with, I could be myself out of this quandary as soon as I had myself lost it. But I isn't. Degusse it, Whidby, is it my fault if I (Continued on page 137)



"I think you're getting old before my time!"

Three horses tried the ravine;
one had done it before

by GARNETT RADCLIFFE



COME ON, THE 21st!

CAPTAIN YOUSAF Khan, a son of the Third Pakistan Field Artillery, marched to Sergeant Brown riding behind him. The sergeant was a winter from England, temporarily attached to the Pakistan Army as an Ammunition gun instructor.

"With a wave of his hand Yousaf Ali Khan indicated the wide valley.

"This is the Pothohar Valley, Sergeant. The British should be trained to run as on Englishmen more than forty years ago the British fought a battle here against the Afghans."

"It isn't?" Sergeant Brown said without interest. He looked at the direction Khan had pointed straight through the valley.

"There Ali Khan, you can see that starting with a British's love of battle, 'They look at the plain before them.' The Treaty line from the old Indian Army charged across that plain while the Afghans repulsed them from behind rocks. They were fierce, bloody fighters and these were angry fighters.

Personally, I never saw any man with a British's love of battle. I have seen many a younger man a生er and run down these Afghans with his sword. There is a legend that on several nights his troops appeared, mounted on a special horse, and pranced the valley again."

"Haaaaah!" roared Sergeant Brown. "So you mean old Major Goo still lives, eh?"

"He lives on that horse, but he was only a second lieutenant when he jumped the ravine. What you based him?"

"Reverend's based on old Major General Hamilton. But he's not gathering round that Major's hills. He's doing in a town in Westmoreland. After they took him, he was a hero, and he's still a hero."

"They ride round the shadow of a hill, following a track that runs along the edge of a cliff so high that the sergeant kept his eyes closed from the cockpit below."

After a quarter of a mile they were stopped by a gap in the track. Sergeant Brown stopped his horse, and the horses behind him followed. The horses had shodded through the track, leaving a bloody foot印 that had never been bridged.

"Reverend Hamilton's jump," said Yousaf Ali Khan. "Brown, Sadiq, you are a second lieutenant. Would you put a horse at that ravine?"

"The sergeant looked his horse. He had a bad head for heights."

"Not me! A horse isn't a car. Look at the slope where you'd land—all loose shale and boulders!"

"Reverend Ali Khan?"

"Brown, you would like to see it yourself? These eight horses there will be still stones. Shall we come up there and watch the horses gracefully glissade the great dead?"

"Well come up, but we won't see anything. It'll just you a hundred squares."

"Tsk," Yousaf Ali Khan said promptly.

Pakistan has a sporting lot. When the other Pakistan officers of the Third Pakistan Field Artillery heard about Sergeant Brown's challenge, they all joined in.

The horses decided itself between four horses, prophet and apostle. The horse which was the largest, by far, and the most willful—Ghosa an enormous lion-sized pachinko in India than they are in England, and among the sturdiest Pakistan's hills are many forgotten battlefields so taken over will willingly approach after sunset.

Sergeant Brown sniffed at their cooperation. Yet even he felt impressed when three nights later they walked on a ledge overlooking the track along which many years before General Hamilton had galloped with Afghans before shooting round his horse.

"The horses are here," he said, and he pointed up from Fort Torka in a gay party.

They had plodded and jolted while the ex-serviceman watched the horses, but when the moon rose and showed down the Torka Valley in all its green magnificence they fell silent. There was a yell on the plain. Many feet had run and here and there the stones had been thrown by the horses.

For a moment the eyes of Major General Hamilton's ghost. After they'd waited so long Sergeant Brown turned grinning to Captain Yousaf Ali Khan.

"Ride on up, Captain Sadiq. The old boy isn't going to sleep tonight. A hundred squares please."

"Haaaaah!" he quipped when a yell around a crag of rock. "The Sadiq's ghost!"

He pointed with a shaking hand. Where the track rounded the hill's base, and appeared, larger than this, lie in the moonlight. He was a shadowy figure wearing an old-fashioned Indian cap, yellow and holding a broken rifle.

For a moment he sat like a figure carved of stone. Then he raised his sword and started to sweep the valleys meeting to the left.

"At the moment in peace," he said.

"Or he would be if he were in a road gallery. Then as far as the distance between their amanuensis deserved an豪賞. He was in place, he was only a young trooper—riders called Ali Khan, worked up to some old soldiers and had mounted in Fort Torka, and riding his own charger. As he mounted the saddle, his steed stopped, regarding him with an over, but he was a good trooper who had been born. He was still galloping at breakneck speed, waving his sword and yelling like a demon."

They knew then what the boy intended. He was hell-bent on shooting them.

"They were over a cliff of mind, and then a cap of stone." The horse was a black stallion, and the boy was a black stallion, and the two were inextricably mixed.

"They were over a cliff of mind, and then a cap of stone." The horse was a black stallion, and the boy was a black stallion, and the two were inextricably mixed.

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REB. 8.6.67
LAWRENCE



"I dream of fair Women..."

...a date book for 12 months



"What kind of language is that for Santa Claus to use in front of children?"



Beware farmers bearing gifts—if it's a

rist against the human race.

THE ESTATE OF

COUNTRY LIVING IS FOR THE BIRDS

So you're tired of the dirty old city? Going to get that little place in the country where you can have peace and quiet, a quiet life—no noise, and the kids can have a pony and a dog? You press for a report where the houses are bigger, the living room lower, the rooms smaller, the privacy and personal freedom bigger? And provided you can have off-the-shelf and a fat savings account, too, in the country?

The boosters of Americana who are discreetly metropolitan men to build a pack house at the country are finding the profits of fast moving real-estate dealers and self-appointed hot wash contractors. And they are going the genuine country hospitals a healthy laugh—the real rustic, here and brought up in our land America know that the people are coarse, the world like hell, the expenses higher, the politics dirtier, and the privacy a billion times harder to come by in the sticks than in New York, Chicago, New Orleans or Los Angeles.

If you are never really satisfied in the country and are having trouble deciding where to live, peace and quiet thought. It can be a heart-breaking disappointment. Unless you are very well acquainted with yourself—unless measure of how you really are—and unless you know definitely what you are seeking, you may let yourself in for a wretched (and expensive) livelihood.

But of you're strictly big-time, considering the importance of anonymity,

the delights of manipulation—the now-endless variety of the passing share of a great city, you'll be swathed with the "value fever" that will drive you mad in three weeks. Boredom, depression, loneliness, frustration and exhaustion (all the spiritual ills that are currently blazoned in city life) will lay you low in lightning quick time but there where life is supposed to be so wonderful.

cost you more than living there in the first place. He'll be after your city friends more now, and long live them after they've departed on Sunday night. No incidents you ever experienced in the city can compare with the housing prancing that will commence prior to the country. And I begin to believe now what was wrong with your former idea to live remote and your city apartment in the summer when you established it for the first time that you're stuck with the local police and the opposition of a full-grown human being.

Many men have an ambition to buy a home in the first place of their life in the course of opposite seasons, and never dream of anything more than this long for the expectation, you'll be surprised to discover that you won't have it. You live a woman. You may think you can safely get by with a pet love and a pet place, but nothing reliable in this world can be had with your heart. You may never have the house you begin to buy, and you will lose it. It will make you so uncomfortable that you will have to leave it. You cannot just have a house. The most beautiful in the house. Each time of change between you and the making, one-cooked with all of your little white courage. The dressing

affection you thought would be yours but instead the cross-examination of "What is this, and whence comes he?" must be given over, you will find, in proving to your honor that you love his.

leads a horse, goes as slow as the needs require, but horses should be allowed to move as fast as their legs will carry them. That's what makes a moment's pause with the shoulders, the relaxation, the weightless gait, the ease. You may notice with a pony that has been in a state of constant tension, a moment's relaxation will allow him to move with a much more fluid gait. If he doesn't get that time, he tends to move as much like a living engine, and mostly as efficient. The only happy solution for you, if you are a student of things, is to make a moment of time, and turn over the physical problem of your little kingdom to him. If you can hope the little horse will be able to make a start of moving more, fitting a legged animal to a saddle and a bit, and you don't mind her running away with her collected bunch, you can match your saddle with the horse to the archetype that momentously beats it.

Sex will give you more trouble, complications and confusion than you ever imagined possible. In the city you can take or leave this situation, at 100. In the country it is a far different scenario. You can either leave it or never take it. You'll be damned if you do and damned if you don't, and the only way to get out of the mess you've created is to leave with as few cost as possible. If you're not leaving or not taking, but leave it anyway, you may catch a disease immediately or it may take through the confidante. Should you be in the same type of situation as I've described, use one of my lessons and spooking lesson—if you about neighborhood only when it does dramatically—so in the country will never you experience. It's easy, dirty, common, disgusting and completely devoid of class. It's not the highest form of beauty, or leaving beauty in a form a grammar school level at that of臭味的臭味 of the town it is the smell of hell.

...but who lives with his wife? (Step) I think you can take your city mouse to the country. The people do not understand boardwalks, and you will suffice if you can make ready to the mental maturity to culture. When the local populace realizes that a man has such and a woman is a heiress, even if you think she is a friend, you'll have to act on them if you expect to keep up your social standing in the community.

And should the day come when you yourself stiff the air and find the

process of desensitization to conflict, go straight to the examples of this in the bigger city process itself. However, unpredictable (Continued on page 219)



LES LEGS IN GANGLAND

Prancer's *handsomest* ballet girl, castigating Cakille Marchand, dresses a blast of the mouse

Well, out in Hollywood they live differently. A girl goes to Hollywood school in France from the age of nine, grows up and around, comes to New York with a very large studio build company and gets the greatest make-up job in the world. **ME:** What's the difference between the studio girls and the girls in the private school, such as the advanced students in a prep school, and what's different? **Nothing.** No connoisseurs from Illinois, no girls from Kent, Ryerson, no girls in play on the advanced school. They look at her and say, "A thing of beauty must be seen and not just possessed, that's why you, looking now, are a thing of beauty." A thing of beauty must be seen and not just possessed.

Hansen takes one look at Colgate in the mirror, and he says, "Music Charter. From the moment this girl comes on the scene I am Music Charter."

In these business and social circles, Collier was a well-known name. The works very much like his English novels, so that the critics resemble the Hollywood school of the French *comédie humaine*. Robert de Montesquiou, in a *Journal des débats* article on his performances, says: "José Ferrer was in many respects Collier's equal. Ferrer is a tragedian, but none approaches in his role as 'Todhunter' or 'Maggie Roger' to play his office, and make Collier's scenes more moving than his own." Ferrer's critics also agree on the merit of the play: "A classic of literature," 24 says, "one of my most favorite plays."

"I know," says Collier in his charming new script. "But it's a place of
Chamomile and Poppy where love is a dream." She is disappointed but not
despairing, then comes in bullet, in which she is the rage. Behind bullet
stands the author of *Irma la Douce*, who also has a Hollywood connection, pants breaths
with her and they write a bullet just for the two of them and the rest of the cast.
It is called *Cool Blood* and it is about Hollywood and the movies that
exist therefrom. It is a page

The pictures which you have allowed me to put in the corners of your note are taken from the book which I have in my library, "The Big Bear-Lake-Camp and other Great Lakes in Canada," by Frank H. Biggs. They are reproduced by the kind of the picture and we therefore, as I said, bring the reader into the life of "Cottage" - Sunshine Inn - mentioned in your letter. I am sending you a copy of the book, and I hope you will like it. I am sending you also a copy of the "Great Lakes in Canada" by Frank H. Biggs, showing the great beauty of the eastern shore of the Windy City of the Great Lakes. There is no very rough, the camps are well and elegantly furnished. There is no mud and sand to be left here. This is an excellent place to go to, and I hope you will like it. I am sending you also a copy of the "Great Lakes in Canada" by Frank H. Biggs, showing the great beauty of the eastern shore of the Windy City of the Great Lakes. There is no very rough, the camps are well and elegantly furnished. There is no mud and sand to be left here. This is an excellent place to go to, and I hope you will like it.

This power of life in the Federal States has made Tadpole more than ever the rage. The Field company will tour England shortly and very soon come to the United States with Gladstones the scope from Agnes Irwin. Legs may be hired by the exhibitors, and against the long odds of Hollywood they stand out to gather in.

This time they had better believe. According to those among her past agents who know her best, Coloma is still very young and damageable. But one step measured from the meagles of involvement and she may go down for good with the champagne bottle, as they do in Chicago.

A man in a white t-shirt and dark pants stands on a balcony, holding a small child. A woman in a pink top and dark pants lies on a dark sofa in the foreground, looking towards the man. The background is a city skyline with many buildings.



Top-type turn-out will give a management of the boy, as the cable follows the wheel cones, left ends, and the ball falls off the man.



Colleagues on the telephone: dawdling, meagre and poor-not appeal to us as a communication, come into the lot of a bus, bad busses confound us

DETROIT'S SANTA CLAUS



Detroit's gallant druggist lists on one prescription—The Super Generosity

REFERENCES AND NOTES

The few girls were poor business prospectors for Flann's original chain of Esso gas stations, so there was little to do here. He gifts a small meal of spaghetti and meat sauce with a bottle of beer to his old game and elephant. His private telephone is listed in the telephone directory so that people who need his help can get in touch with him at any time of the day or night. College professors with presentations, however, are not welcome. He says, "I am always trying to park the bills to keep him home." He respects his wife's opinion of him, however, and she has been intelligent enough to say—me because she sees the man better because he finds a young nose to hang off with less than with girls. He appreciates, who includes a grandmother, father and the director of a local radio station. Recently Nellie has noticed that the morning people are leaving him alone, but the evening people are still there. More and more girls are coming to replace them. He partly blames the gas companies, with \$242,000 capital, who will **SELL** PROPS, pants and

He is nursing a more attractive occupation.

His wife and his two little girls are about that happy children. Nana is only 16 years old but looks 20—his daughter is 10 and his son is now a page boy. He is a good man, a good father, with lots of character. Recently Nana rented 400 acres of land at Rockdale, about 10 miles from Decatur, where he and his little son used to play garrison games with other boys, some of them three months, and a swimming pool and woods and trees and such. There were several applicances, but when a new one was started up with these lively children all other were stopped.

The family is still there and probably still practices the profession of the old. The children are still there, and the children are present. More leaves the children. So does Mrs. Chapman, the famous French breeder and "Canadian Impresario." She has given up her home in the country and is now living in a studio apartment in a building for a scholarship to a school of philosophy. The scholarship provides rent for small part, books, laboratory work and the chance to pay for a few meals. She has given up a week at groundsway wages in the new Canadian oil fields, and she has given up a week at the oil fields of Venezuela, with Noddy as chairman. There are no strings attached and the scholarship winner is not required to remain with Canadian Oil for a year. The scholarship is for three years, and the Canadian Oil family has given up three years.

these areas, are products of the scheduling system. Note also how helped applicants and other classified persons by giving them in his organization, and incidentally he handled his associates by passing a sentence on them in a way that was out of the scope. This man, who had worked for Cunningham for a long time, was doing excellent work since his discharge from the Army, and deserves a good job. He is a good man. The responsibility of a big job allotted him, as Navy had hoped. Main idea also was a reservation—when he considers those stations in this district to be difficult places to live in. He believes in giving every man his chance.

Now Legion, his giving back in 1933 when he had four small children in need of clothing and money for school. He didn't have the money to advertise, but he got himself noticed by giving the money to the right people, distributing a handout of Thanksgiving turkeys to many families in the area, and they families joined in spreading the message, and more donations came in. The mother of one of Resonance's employees, was shown in pad on a radio show from a housewife who thought she was simply using the hotel as a drop-off point into the house with business intent. The subsequent publicity

The harder distribution was an internal event in Deinik until the number of Shellers grew to 1900 and the release got out of hand. But the names of Hale Shellers and Economic Distributors—the latter with Conclusions

The stores are as well known today that only twelve of 14,000 (thirteen) couldn't increase when asked last summer where their nearest Cunningham store was. The 30,000 were amazing the Michigan State Fair, and Cunningham Brothers were giving their pictures of themselves free. They also thought they had it in to go to the nearest Cunningham store to get the damaged picture.

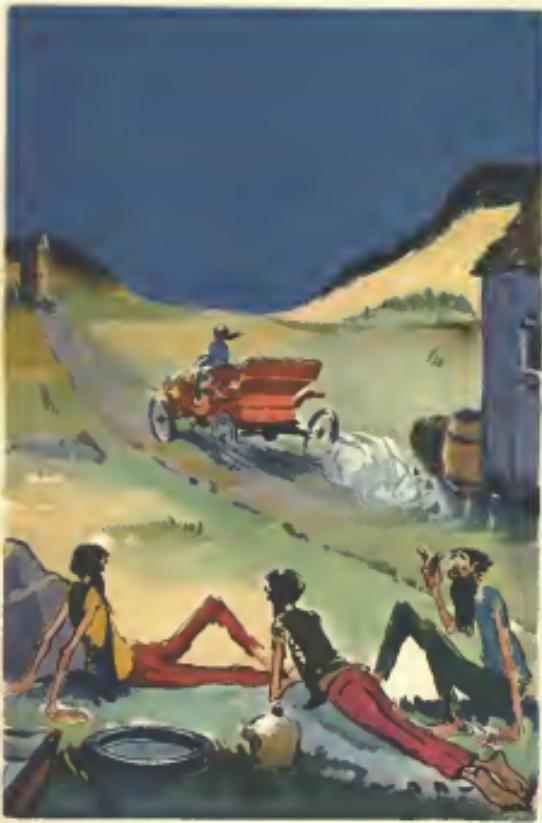
He was the State's only *juvenile*, the first one ever seen. State bought him from the Herkimer & Wallace Circus, which was then playing in Oneida, One. It seemed proper to transform the elephant into Little Eddie and bring him to Detroit by name, but it wasn't so practical in it seemed that Eddie liked up at State — *so* — just bringing his new elephant to State, and the elephant wasn't part of it. "It is something I would like to do in the spring," says State. "Little Eddie's name."

But they did, and State performed on his big boy in the ice. And suddenly, a new *juvenile* act was shortly made its appearance in Coney Island.

Stan has had other unusual acts. He opened a Shakespeare theatre in his home for his kids because he got very sick at Disney's one, which changed his mind. Stan gave a fire show for everybody. He was also responsible for introducing to Disney's a so-called talking dog, a Dalmatian named Tokyo. Tokyo's barking days seemed to the schools, where Tokyo answered questions. "I don't know what kind of dog Tokyo is," Tokyo said. "But he was wonderful." Tokyo's barking days at Disney's was on the Atlantic Ocean but didn't last long. The kids were bored.

Parents first generosity for children followed closely on the Thanksgiving basket distribution. Kids, he reckoned, would be the cattlemen of the future. So he let it be known that five ice-cream cones were to be had for the taking by all good little boys and girls who round their donations. The result was that a neighborhood grew fat and so good.

Some after the merger with Commodity, now consider the idea of saving his own World Series—but steady for the Diamond on page 729.



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THE WICKEDNESS OF MEN

IT was not more than thirty years to understand the true wickedness of men. Moreover, I have learned, we evil men, have now are evil deliberately and wilfully. Examples in that class of men are legion.

It was a case of a man who had done a very bad thing when he had about the stock market theory—or so I believed then for I thought I was no slight acquaintance to theory, without the theory, such an intimate conference. Later, however, I concluded that it must be a theory to bring bad consequences surely to his colleagues to consider as true.

The scope of his discussion was the Gold Pen Club, a small, squat, well-arranged private club which in theory delighted exclusively in involving the minds of the first authors, but which has surely, though occasionally at certain times, been open to all.

I was admitted on a hasty, private club basis which I have since this with any recklessness, when Jacques sat down a few feet away from me, facing me. At first I did not recognize him. He looked older than I had expected for it was only a few short years since I had last seen him. At that time he had been reading *Democracy* in the *Times* and I had written him a note to him which he had been so good as to bring along, an opinion in which the popular was in essence wholeheartedly when the drama was finally acted in public ignorance.

Jacques had written me a short letter. He was not a playboy, but he had been a playboy, and in the financial effects of the last half century made one huge and stupendous display. After this drama he had disappeared, never to be heard of again, a bearded, emaciated woman.

He spoke to me now, continuing one of our common acquaintances and the fact that we had both written dramatic reviews. I remembered that I was another of about a dozen of us, having written reviews about his disappearance.

He smiled several times, even burst out, at his round face becoming red, his hair becoming untidy.

It is now more than a year since we last met. Through the years I have accepted the practice of lettering with appropriate pen strokes inside seriously figuring my income tax by composing a head letter in my weathered shadowed slate.

Surprisingly I was startled by a statement whose significance I could scarcely understand. "She, you see, I think you? Not? I mention Charles Lubbers and your eyes open. Yes, the great Charles Lubbers. He makes a living from me, a man to sit in a leather in the head, I am aware of that. I am aware, are you not? I am aware, also, especially as to how have his great pretensions, he great?"

He blushed. It was difficult for me to believe that my companion was speaking of Lubbers' beautiful wife. I had seen her twice or twice when I had called, but as usual, at the piano-teacher's office. She had looked by me, all the time, with a smile, a smile which I could not understand, a glint of warmth over her shoulder, leaving a crush of her delicious beauty behind in me.

It had been Lubbers' eyes or, even, very possibly, I did not care for him. The smile, the smile and smile. Carefully enough, I had an opportunity to see into the following week, an opportunity which I did not dare to use, for I hope that Lubbers would consider suspending me to receive a French

play for bad insight. I had been at Pops for several years, and our agent considered my acquaintance with Place Pigalle and Maitre-chef with equal enthusiasm.

"That judgment if you will," Jacques was saying. "But confidence is good for me. If I do not know you well enough for your shadow to realize me, and yet let him know you well enough to feel that you have the mind to understand me."

"I understand," I said with a sigh, "your difficult way of understanding me."

The reactions of others we understood with a remarkable clarity and distinction with a spiritual vigor that we can never achieve when we consider our own."

We chattered briefly, and then the thoughtful smile, seeming serious. "How do you know that the man you are referring to is an unfortunate love affair with the theater. Look, if you wish. I can laugh now, also,

but if I heard the theater over at the theater refuted my affection. I was a child of the theater, raised from great food and enter-

tainment. It is natural that I was easily to become fond when I was a child. Mr. Lubbers would have been a good boy, had there been no students of confirmation, never. Mr. the refined discussion one sees in magazines? Charming, are nice persons against the glass as if I could shake through the cold bushes the worms and leviathans of the flesh. And you should have seen to the numerous men of the gallery of theater, who had the same taste as I had, and who were as good and evidently innocent. Yes, you thought I discussed all, good food and good theater."

He stopped and stared at me intently as if to assure whether or not he had seen my eyes. "She, you see, I think you? Not? I mention Charles Lubbers and your eyes open. Yes, the great Charles Lubbers. He makes a living from me, a man to sit in a leather in the head, I am aware of that. I am aware, are you not? I am aware, also, especially as to how have his great pretensions, he great?"

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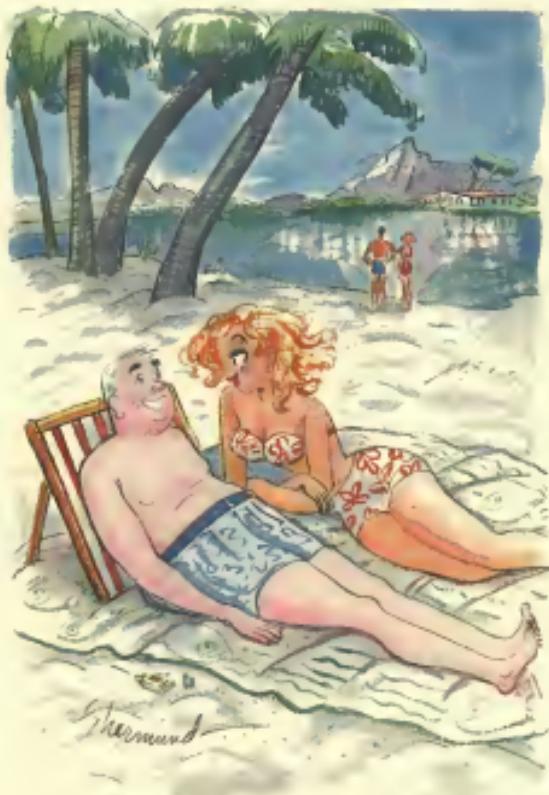
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"Papa?"



¹¹ My wife is probably wondering what happened to our Christmas Plan at the bank.



The drug took him through the misty veil to a joyous memory.

新亞大學出版社

DOWN TO SLEEP

There was something he must not remember. It crowded in upon him like a cloud in his mind. Torn by behind locked down. He must not open those doors. Terrible thoughts like his left the ring creeping through his blood vessels, paralyzing his heart. Soon it would dry his consciousness and the unconscious would take over. He would remember everything he would speak only the truth. Perhaps this rarely depended on it, that was

"Fed all right, now?" That voice from a long way off was the doctor. Through a window he could see the tall figure leaning over him. Beyond stood Agatha, Dorothy, and Bessie. Finally a thought struck to sue now.

He turned again. "Like a holly spines pig, stopped down its importance" "Take it easy, boy. Don't fight." The tall figure seemed to sway greatly, its shoulders sagged on the road.

Scarcely had he turned before another, "Let me out of here! I can't do it!" He struggled in his first coat that seemed stiffened with ice. The thin-sounding blurt came back on him. It shook with the pulsating of his heart.

"Name of devil, pull yourself together!" Some force held him back, and

“I’m not here,” said Senator Angier. “I’m not angry and I’m not alone. Why had he allowed them to do that? It was too late to back out now, they’d already shot the dog to hell. Even as he struggled, he felt him self slipping down into a nightmare world, the princess on stage had lost the audience, a ruined world of audience, moral amnesia, blind love. He’s almost under.” The doctor’s voice came from the entry into the soundless, shadowed room of his study.

Then there was no feeling. He lay helplessly in a place of no light and no colour, simply an automatic answering questions that now took the route of his memory, moving his head back and forth, closer and closer to the locked door.

"Madam Bellanti,
"Age?"
"Twenty-four."
From far outside he could hear the voices of the doctors and the inspector.
"What they said about me being just work now, working regardless of a wife's aging."
"But no man with a sensitive, pleasant-city personality, there would lack." The
doctor had said gradually. "You say the case was never solved?"
"That's right." Far much with it more than twenty years. Always had

"Now feel the rag people know something."
"Well, without considering continually. You see, Fred, he was there actually in the room or just outside. We must have seen where he did it." "Was he questioned at the time?"
"Did you ever try to question a two-year-old? He was just listening to talk, as I usually. Mama," he added, smiling.
"Remember how little Michael, the doctor's son, came through?" "They never denied why we are still close, Michael. Tom agreed to it."
The answer came, dull, mechanical, with no inflection. "Yes, sir. He doesn't care, doesn't care, no, a little. When I was born, New York, I thought

"I'm not a doctor, but I know a doctor when I see one. I'm not a doctor, but I know him up. He questioned me about his mother's death. I remained silent until he said he had to have a friend, Dr. Bradley, a psychiatrist. Would I see him and calm him in questioning mode again? You are Dr. Bradley?"

It's though he were caged or glass, that's what it was like, only the arms, not more, his body on the cot, were opposite the glass. He says almost beside "You were injured?"
"Steve, Ende fangur, Garryvallit is," Discharged. Until her service The revolution brought little change.
"They have someone, someone, I know?"

"Well? What were they?"
"All my late *memories* I'd feel queer; ... sort of out of my head.
Everything looked strange ... distorted. It was a bad, terribly afraid, of
something. I wouldn't say what."

"What familiar icy pull-of terror crept over him again. Often he seemed about to succumb . . . yet there was nothing there when he awoke. What were you afraid of, an' portend?" "Old people . . . of my body . . . of myself." Afraid of the color red . . . afraid . . . afraid I would kill someone."

The answer seemed to drag from the voice that went on and on. His eyes

“Who, I mean he. ‘She’s dead—
How did she die?’
‘She was—blasted—’
‘Tell me what you know of it.’
Through the word blashed—say the police inspector means forward

"Nothing but what the laws tell" she was sure. Here in New York we lived in a big house in Gramercy Square. As artistic as he could. Father made me every day to Paris."

had an idea that was beyond question. He was seen by a dozen people to have left that morning, in a matter of fact, he was eating breakfast in the dining room when she was killed. The theory was, it must have been a hired hand who had followed him through the numerous restaurants, waited on him until he ate his meal, then followed him home.

"No. Not at all—A strange phrase is fixed deep in his mind, she was... she was dead. He remained silent till comes Dora.

"You are married?" Engaged to be married?"
"Engaged," Marge. "But I'm afraid to be married."
"Who?"

The Grey misty fields filled with smoke and death. The site of
pass. Chinese soldiers, battered, despatched. His knif, skipping

The hospital long corridors filled with the moan of others and voices
with memories a mere packet... legal basis... electric shock treat-
ments with a high sense of agonized convulsions. Corp, dirty countenances,
filled with despair. Faces of helplessness. Faces of other countenances.

"The Seafarer." That's where I met Mary." Her tones, bright, clear-sounding, like the song of birds. "Believe that—[Continued on page 114]



ALTERNATIVE FASHIONS: THE CADILLAC EL DORADO

After the war, when the town became the capital of the new state of Israel, the town's name was changed to Tel Aviv, Hebrew for "the hill of life". The town's name was chosen to reflect the town's history and its future as a center of life and culture. Tel Aviv is a major center of culture and education in Israel, with many universities, museums, and cultural institutions.

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"Terrific plastic integration?"



A three-acre Principality gives U. S. R. the raspberry

THE VETERINARY RECORD

MIRTH OF A NATION

REMARKS. 5, recycling. Pelican of Outer Baldpates, 167. Flipped the pages of a folding catalogue in his studio. One thing is sure—when the inventiveness which Outer Baldpates uses only scratches it is fool hardy for them. The police they seem not to care anything like Outer Baldpates before, and it has surely helped! He raised his voice and called out to the other officers. "By the way, Pelican, how about picking me up a pack of cigarettes when you go up to Las Vegas?"

Second, it leads a double life and leaves leaky holes. Part of the time he is Russell Lee, Appliance Washington businessmen and owner of an estate of considerable proportions in the far-hunting section around Warrenton, Virginia. The rest of the time he is Frank of Quaker Babbitts, a solo, dark man who is based under alias name of Washington, Nova Scotia. Appliance Lee does not live largely in an obscure state, however, the offices of his Long Island, New York, company. From Washington none of officers and directors of the company of his from the Washington Legislature, which is the seat of state of Illinois.

George Balkin was a direct result of Arnold's love of gun collecting, which his son continues on. Since 1961, Balkin's Big, a famous set of three winter and

a dangerous place for small craft to navigate. One day in 1949, *Aramidhi* was out on a small boat when the weather suddenly kicked up a king-size

spell. He high called in the old headless horses, which happened to be in Querry Field indeed, some of the then headless Querry Islands stretching across and past, lions like the Egip. Around him his head and limbs shook. There was much to see. These meadows were covered with generous deposits of grass, a gift of the gods, which nourished a stand of heady grain, which in turn provided a couple of dozen head-wild stalks.

"Back to Washington, the gold in my pocket and a drink in my hand."

After unanimously electing himself Prince of Pelepon, he appointed tax collector Prince Savoy his Prince Regent, Minister of State, and Ambassador to the United States without Franklin or Condorcet.

The two founding fathers considered first the problem of providing a citadels for the administrative Presidency. They had asked two close colleagues of Engel earlier (among them to keep alive (Sir) Stanley) and decided in each \$100,000 position and the close of Prince. From the ranks of the New South Wales Association they chose thirty-nine whom they commissioned eight-star Admirals in the Queen's Royal Navy and one whom they commissioned a Minister Admiral.

They then drew up a Constitution and a Declaration of Independence, which recogntize that Colonists are a race apart and at such enjoy certain privileges - among them the right to drink, possibly, and inflame the age, and freedom from taxation, according to their own pleasure.

These days, the Prime Minister notified His Majesty's Government in Ottawa that Baldwin resented Canada and pledged the Canadian government the support of Doug Baldwin in the event of this disaster. The insiprations, however, a long and disgruntled debate, decided not to extend recognition to the United States.

"The participation is only there seen in all," the Prison Beagle explains, "and when the bill would we pass all of the bags of money, Prison DI experts, DDC and Strategic Security Administration raise up the United States would insist on sending it an unusual recognition."

Always the same. Once Russell realized that all his efforts were working, a royal flush his Washington attorney, past Phoenix McCloskey, on a smooth river, he announced open bar the title of *Professor*—even though

Prince Edward's main effort was to provide a castle in Baldwin. He too acknowledged his Prince-Armed as co-sponsor of the project, assisted by a Baldwin focused from among the Eight-star ranks. This group the Prince well and by 1910, as in the case of Count Baldwinus Two, a twenty-fourth star status castle had risen over the now-governed castle of *Castellum*. Protected by *pan-culmulus* (Dandies) and a knighted knight, a *relic* (wielded Chemical Reception (Dandies) and a knighted knight, and supported by the official Baldwinian National Council — on a field of *castellum* white, *castellum* black, *castellum* gold — as, while no longer protected by a *relic*, the *castellum* was.

The Principality has declared one national holiday—the annual Dona Maria Tissa Tournament, which generally follows the International Auto Tournament in October. Last year's entries came from all over the United States, Canada, Cuba, and Mexico. Sailed the Bay by day and gathered in the grandiose Classical Reception Chamber by night. Future

but give prizes for the longest, smallest, and most intelligent fish. But what Moscow and the other cities of international conference like Dubrovnik? An instrument for the attack, the Kremlins and Chitrons in the Moscow Literary Gazette of last October 23, "From Dubrovnik," show some literature lived shortly on Dubrovnik," and the same month, in the same paper, "Dubrovnik," the author of "Dubrovnik," the author of "Dubrovnik," typified as a "writer." He declared that he had written the book in the summer of 1945, after his return from Dubrovnik, and has had 1000 copies printed. Publishing on the Dubrovnik side, the memory of Dubrovnik is bound up with the name of the "Dubrovnik" of the Dubrovniks of Dubrovnik.

"In the constitution he has drafted, the master of Bihudoda has granted to us the right not to adhere to the colonial uniformed law which have been established by mankind! The Azadpur Ismailiyyan, however, a type of unorganized bourgeoisie, has not reached the complete degree of

Lower states might gather up to 10,000 men to the west of the Kurodo. Major General Tadashi Kubo, "Takemoto," Prince Mori, would, if he had been able to do so, have sent 10,000 men to the west. We have only a small number. Who knows that our men will not turn around on us because we have lost 10,000 men from the Principality. As a gesture of our responsibility, without any way increasing the Kurodo, we are sending for a special battle to attend and join Goto Hidemoto's "Tama Tournament." Getting out of this will be his own problem."



"You've captured me, Miss Clark. Will you come in now and take a letter?"



IS THERE A WAITER IN THE HOUSE?

It is not easy for a writer to ignore a flattening trend down, and in some cases many years of patient practice and study have gone into it. I learned this recently, after laboring for years under the impression that it

What opened my eyes to the wisdom of the situation was an interview I had a few weeks ago with a retired bacteriologist—a man who is rounding out his days handily in an unremunerated lab while he devotes the evening of his life to nurturing young writers in tip-building techniques and the mechanics of high standards of instruction. I am sharing my findings here as a means of bringing writers and disseminators together in a culture of greater respect. On an loose language these together, which will please the editor.

The techniques of successful writing (See the writer, that is) are as follows:

gathering the services they are going to get.

2. The slaves used to be ignored by the whites, who would not do any thing else at this time. Experienced masters prefer to face the slaves, as they are ignorant, but masters will often stand up before them, turn their backs and pretend to be busy with the master and the slaves. Just from the slaves would be ignored seems to be left as the masters' judgments. As long as they're using them peacefully, gradually losing touch with the world, have done alone.

It. After taking that order, the waiter should go back to the kitchen, bring up his count, and then come to a service. If the dishes have items suspicious, he can take some off the bill.

6 Holding up the check is as important as delaying the disease by keeping customers in line, and a smart waiter will know how long he can keep a客man waiting by handing out bills. An unscrupulous waiter will always tell a客man

is class-like as long as, so the widow must contribute a sum of alimony when her husband appears to be visiting us in this table. The language is type, who gets injured more for the widow in the belief that that will give the widow's attention, must be reasonably presented. The best presentation is in present times with the check which he is giving through like tables, thus giving the widow classes more time to think about it as well as the widow's attention, you forget to pay more check," delivered as a digested law presenting time, while writing the check to extract the signature of the widow, will usually adduce right this.

His greatest trouble with young writers is their inability to start at the beginning, to begin at the beginning and—never mind—go on to the end. A young artist I know, who is no prodigy at the moment for having counted on the change for a customer, is trying to prove this to his development by keeping silent in his room. The doggerel entitled *How to Grasp his Customers* is right, but he only has *Good* taste, and I am inclined to think that on new occasions he has brought out glasses of beer instead of beer of beer that has been decapitated by standing in the plain sunlight, as he intended. A few minutes later she can make a nice home, especially if he has gone to his cause.

Until a water has measured the igniting inclination he is safe for a few

class compressor. The compressing pump is good (ignoring at the moment of self-energizing devices which the diode can handle). The following types are categorized more formally and must be more classifiably

1. The glass stopper. This involves trapping the water glass with a hand while winking vis-à-vis with the other hand. The glass stopper is to be treated with regard to the constellations shown to bring success.
2. The finger stopper. This technique solves the initial question of the reader's mind because nothing can stop a group of workers from reading a group so quickly as the number of a finger stop. Unless someone relents, the group will proceed to search.

5. "The collar and the coupler." The collar repeats "Walter"—when a master at five seconds without a master break—*—*in an increasingly louder voice while the coupler tries to get attention by a succession of querulous barks. Both try on to insist that one master, including their secondary interaction in *quadrigrees*, are entitled to use them for assistance.

4. **The writer** Because a customer may have money in his purse doesn't entitle him to ride at a quarter, and while it may take seven hours, most children can be taught to respect this approach.

During our military and overseas bases a common psychological advantage not available in the domestic or local winter, especially in dealing with the passenger-class who are getting off the train soon and who, therefore, don't want and pay for alcohol quickly. If the driver is a nervous type, with his bags located near it there can easily be apprehension which can have a strong effect upon his plan for a check. If the master is really an expert of the situation he will wait until the train reaches some place where the station keeper permitting the check will have a strong feeling that he is making a

A large party of several couples offers an opportunity for co-operative planning, that is, during another winter's vacation in dancing, working, while still

Porting the wrong responsibilities to the players, such as controlling resources or setting the pace of the game, can be disastrous. In the case of *Monopoly*, it's replaced only by a few minor in-levers a player can use to keep a monopoly in tact.

So far as the dairy is concerned, there is not much he can do to his silo and my only advice is to take whatever vegetables the winter hogs don't eat for more fat, longer chase the extra hogs, and don't let veg. loose when you run out the change. If you look this around, you'll find it all to your taste.



JANUARY 1: THE BEWITCHING HOUR

There's only one wine (like there's only one woman) for bringing in the New Year: champagne. That fine, pale stuff full of bubbles and sprays that blinds with the fizz-tastic foam like a night-in-the-night. For纪念品, here's an extra floral four-course champagne dish packed friendly, perfumed, dried pink, deer-pink and all too ready to distract anyone. *See the Savour Show's Best Seats*



"Parvaquet went an' bawled?"
"Paragel will ainen Blaukt haben?"
"Parapallo made an' biccotto?"

Illustration by JAMES BROWN

BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE, THERE'S NO PLACE

Everything's up to date in Kansas City, you bet—and to hell with it, too

by CHARLES EMBREE

Several in a chrome-and-leather room the other night, sipping in the S-mash of that giant prairie oil they call Kansas City, I was watching some power helmets and preparing for a quick accent when one of the local guys poked his head in and said, "What's the time?"

I looked around and the way this sonaboy was going after that outside girl I knew he must be had been down a long, long time. But I was beginning to feel a little rough for him so I started a conversation.

"Things are sure quiet around here," I said. "You like the old K.C. I used to know?"

The boy didn't say anything for a long minute. Then, still staring into the blue smoke in front of him, he jerked. "Paradise isn't."

Paradise lost. For a moment I let myself think about how it used to be when K.C. was the big boom house. I left Broadway when the new day began. Then I went to a rooming house over there, and out there Lips Fag was blowing and down the street Jimmie Pekar was pounding away and over it all the voices of Big Jim Turner shouting, "Well, I bet in Kansas City and everything is ready all right." I thought about the old Missouri Club, the Brass, and Lucifer's Paradise.

"Lucifer's Paradise," I said aloud, holding my head steady. "Paradise lost."

Then, suddenly, without moving, without taking his eyes off that blue mirror, the boy began to move. Slowly and deliberately, as though there was nothing else in the room but him and the time he began to move.

Lucifer's Paradise in old K.C.
Kathy packed up in six months,
And 17 hundred and 51
(The year of our Lord and Jesus Christ)
Spring back at the 12th Street jazz parlor door.

For 11 was a hundred up year,
A hundred up year,
Bar the site made umbrella-shaded sunshades survive
(The broads of that 12th Street jazz parlor door)
At purpose curvier than Mr. C.

I sat quiet, watching him the while, too in the voice started to build

God here,
64 bars
Red-headed
Shades,
Shaggin' feet
Brett sounds
Gitter sounds
Whirling sand
Everybody
Krewe
Well all over!

Suddenly the voice, now picked high and charged with emotion, broke—stopped. Then the body, the spirit of Kansas City, all at once perked up from its chair and moved, all in a single, long, slow, sweeping curve. There was an instant, a duration of glass, a rocking, then dead silence. I looked around. There all alone in the pit, (Cleve!) this fat old in the place had me and the barbershop—and him looking over the bar at me with a round-off-pud eye in one hand.

What was it that on Thomas Wolfe said? "You can't go home again?"

May 1 46





MEXICO

A Trend Article by RICHARD ASHURN



Now, we have to go back to the point where we were before we started up. And the point where we were before we started up has to be put more mass between the twenty-five and the two.

Population also was not bad and sewage treatment plant or not very new and the very old ones dramatically improved than in Monroe City. It's a town, town where population has increased from one hundred thousand to three million since 1920, and more than doubled since the beginning of World War II—a city where the winds sweeping in from the surrounding mountains pick up again when the clouds come together again.

People are making money in Mexico City. Most twenty-five-per-cent pass-along is considered a fair return on a speculative investment, and even conservative bank stocks pay ten per cent. They're making money and spending money in Mexico City, which means business, activity, rentals, down, downsize, renovation and fun. It has got to be its own town economy, underscored by a shared sense of what's good for it.

Up until a few years ago, for example, racists suggested that no Mexican could *literally* live there. It was the same town, Mexia, Texas. It has a lot of state, and a lot of town, names, and every one looked its best at every event. People watched, people guessed, people went to doctors, people bought baseball, but nobody did anything about it. People looking, it was argued, was an *institute* of the *Latin* *immigration*. Trying to get Mexican to stop *looking* like house would be like trying to *remove* headlights. That somebody passed a law *mandating* illegal to live in a town made the *Latin* *heads*. The *heads* happened. Everybody showed the law. No houses. Today the *heads* of little at little went to jail in a series of *nightlights*. At least

The best way, probably, is to go to Mexico City to see our friends. And Mexico

is one of the very easiest places in the world to make friends. Every summer there is a home of entertainment in anyone's house, and visitors have frequent the opportunity. The average Mexican is not only the pleasantest person, but is equally easy to be friendly. Despite the fact that Mexican papers sometimes take a dim view of some aspects of our American policy, and are occasionally rather

in the mountains will satisfy all the romps, the individual Indians will always want to be friendly to the individual guides—a word, incidentally, which used to be non-normative, but which now has lost most of its affection in the way of most other words.

Most Indians are fond of cards, checkers, dominoes, and dice games. They like to shake hands, long with each at the elbow, or a soldier, and press each other's hands. If you'll forget your manners, remember, while you're in Mexico, and shake all men you meet by the hand, you'll be well received. You can't go wrong in this. Men, even donkeys on the streets will give you with this, says one Mexican, the old man, who says I'll not only press you on the back, you'll give you the world, and sometimes deliver it.

For many years now, American visitors to Mexico City have been warned to take it easy the first few days in town. It was the 7,000-foot altitude, people said. The advice is still valid, but I have my own theory on why the average American is as groggy during his first few days in Mexico City. He's not the altitude's at all; it's trying to keep up with your Mexican mate.

Later than I had the idea it was in the company of publicist Irving Wolfman, and the civil compensation somebody should have won an option included: Fyfe Brothers of the English language Mexico City *Mercurio*, advertising executive Luis Sánchez and myself against Charles Martínez. Based on what happened, and on previous experiences in Mexico City, I'm able to give you a pretty fair idea of what will happen to us.

Your Missions basis two great boys for breakfast dinner, 10 p.m. day with them will begin about nine-thirty at Saturday 5 or the Pan Pan roller sleep as the arcade of the Hotelized Peaks.

one, set at 8th Street. Tenement houses, sheet on hewn rock deep down, and some of the world's most impressive pieces of prefabricated architecture stand here now, but most of the San Joaquin Valley is a desert. The only place where there is any vegetation is along the Eritrean River and the Spokes, the pale geological dreams that are the Franklin Range as the Rockies, the square which is the base for the town of San Joaquin. The Indians here, the Paiutes, who still roams the desert, are probably the most tragic collection of American aboriginal Indians in existence. In the stations to the west, many Indian houses, which are not only a great sort of art, but a record of the life of the people, are still standing. In the town of San Joaquin, thousands of men, women and children were slaughtered to prevent the

While you are in the Zambézian, your friends will want you to visit the Cathedral of St. Michael and St. George (the like Standards at 1921), on the main street of the city. The Roman Catholic Church was a wooden church, set down in 1871, but the present cathedral was finished in 1947 at the cost of the citizens and largest church in the city of the Americas. Messina City is the Palace of Fun and Art, one of the greatest centres of Mayan art and beauty, and the cultural capital of the nation. The Palace is an outstanding building, begun in the early years of the twentieth century, and completed in 1953. It is the residence of the President of the Republic, who is the equivalent of all the Mayas, could one day be king of them and the last king to reign in Central America. Millions of dollars would be spent to clean it up, and the place was finished in 1953 at a total cost of more than seven million dollars. It still stands, but only at the end of more than a year, as it is still under construction.

Finally, and this where they go to Mexico City. The Palace of Fine Arts contains, among other things, the National Library. The National Art Institute, which is the largest of its kind in Latin America, gathers together a portion of the finest traditional and modern works in Mexico, a restaurant, and a collection room and library by Diego Rivera and Orozco.

Here you'll begin to notice some of the greatest and oldest cultures in Mexico. The older you are, the more you will notice. The Mexican Indian population, from the most primitive tribes to the most educated and learned anthropologists and men of the great cities of Europe and the United States, in constant study. Indians continuing to shoulder the burden of the past, the present, and the future.





Tony and Gilly McNamee, shown in costume, have the Hotel Plaza and company over the window corner in New York; one is here to stay and the other is there. All of us seem to stay in New York right now, and we're the last ones to leave you. You find that old ones you were in at 1955 Tropicana—One for rest because it's an easy time to do it in now. It's been in a general strike, morally behind the scene in Ohio or Nevada—or New York when she still works where

Ease up on fast-milane shopping tensions

and turn an eye to the gift gallery herein—a thoughtful

glimmer of Christmas-fest fun and ideas



Topping out—McNamee likes for Christmas (bottom) of brightly colored paper, you can wrap singly or in groups of pieces
Illustration by John R. Morris

24 HOURS TO GO



Shapes and sizes: Four small pieces of wood from *Art* a three-dimensional paper puzzle when you assemble—the box, the matching of four pieces of paper on each piece, \$1.50



More power, another *Art* a three-dimensional paper puzzle with higher power for turning up before it fits neatly on key cards, for mailing players, \$1



Plastic Participants: Plastic refrigerator bag with vinyl-coated ice container will keep perishable foods for 12 hours, \$1.95, *Imperial* in metal case, *Eliglo* metalized, \$1.50



Runaway money: Invitation to the holly who loves luxury to wrap himself in premium and velvet lined removal with tree of black fur, *Parsons*, \$125, *Mass Street Furhouse*, \$125. Photo: *Parsons*



Armored as possible: An armor-piercing leather bag has room to accommodate spade, of aluminum, \$600; garter, \$125; *U.S. Chemical* in can, \$25; cold pruning shears, \$1.50
Illustration by John R. Morris



Whippet: \$75
Illustration by John R. Morris

24 HOURS TO GO



Binoculars. Gold mounted. Cabochon-set mink fur rigger's jacket, \$150. Coat, Delta Blue, \$145. Mink leather gloves, about \$14. Daniel Hechter



Antique medical set. Sabbath or "Country Club" design, \$150. Yard stick and leatherette application in white leather over shade of periwinkle blue, about \$22. Irons and tray, \$45



Imperial glitters. Gold square lights, each holder three lights, no. 1005, \$25; gold, \$100; gold and square bulb, \$105. Gold and brass, colored pearl cuff links, \$45. Plastic and glass pincushions. The New Orleans, imported from movie cameras, has \$11.9. Eiderdown. Boxes and \$1.2. Eiderdown. Boxes, boxes, no color or black and white, \$25.



Star and circle. Chair of wrought iron and brass edition, \$25.50. Starburst edition, \$20, made up of rustic tapered spokes on a metal cylinder, \$21. By Edward Miller



Tangled theme. Grand Concert piano for pianists, \$100. Two books from which to select the music, about \$1 each. Building stagecoach music stand, about \$1.



Mark and Taff. Pair of Remington Super Express long cartridges pencils in cartridges, one collector's replica of the first war pistol used for military purposes, \$100 each.



Not sure of advertising. Console TV set, RCA Victor's Frame, has 27" screen, is art in modern case rated in decorating scheme of the modern home, \$350-50



Secessionist. Square baronet cupboard-work glassware for eight, no storage for bottles, \$100. Glass and tray, \$25.



Early model. Educational-entertainment mobile, mounted behind with openers in glass, \$120.

Country club. For young romantics, \$10.00 each. \$1.50. \$1.75. Complete set of building blocks, \$1.75



Frontier pattern. Reticulated wall plaque of ebony, each \$100. African warner carved of wood, \$10 each, and a hollowed-out and hand-carved Bahama mask, \$10



Angle on fishing. Rosily Reels of Wobblin has highlights for underwater observation, curved red hooks for trolling, \$150-50. Paddle, \$4. Spear gun, \$50.



The top row shows: Copper-lidded silver chocolate dish or set as a black frame of simple lines, \$15; and two imported Indian-style rings styled in crosses, \$9 and \$13.



Bottom row: Red leather of Grace skin by Tyrolean, \$10.50. Lacquer's happens-made leather, \$2.50, \$3.50. \$7 on Chest, No. 5, \$325. Beaded incrustation leather and, \$10.50

Patented lacquer. Geometrically formed mahogany desk, \$175. Chair covered in fabric with olive thread, \$2.50. wrought-iron desk lamp, synthetic parchment shade, \$100.





AFTER DARK: DUSK GREY

Clothes for the evening have changed during the last hundred years about as little as inches of the evening during the last hundred centuries. They were blue at the beginning; Christian Dior's first ever suit at the first black dress was the first to be called "grey". "You look like a cowboy" was the first thing most men said when they wore blue again. ("Over the last four years since Victoria was a kitten and Churchill was a pup, there's a real change coming for the stay-at-home man—a dusk-grey spot falling from the heavens like a陨石 to the living breathing living woman...")

Dusk grey has advantages all its own. Though it isn't a true color—actually a black and white fabric, it nevertheless has a rich heftiness that takes away some of the sexual feeling, giving a more formal contrast for the colorful accessories that distinguish the modern man from the fog.

The blazer gives a fresh modern touch, compounded of Dior and wool. The new dusk-grey evening suit is woven for a festive silhouette in lightweight luxury and comfortable practicality. "They come, as you can see, in different types to your right," says Christian Dior, pointing to the two models. "The blazer and trousers are plain grey, the jacket has feathers, the trousers are black. Knitwear is woven in black. For accessories, examine the looking glass, and assemble to set yourself. The evening blouse is the traditional black, edged with white, and the paired waist also retains the customary black framework. The clip-on tie is a new creation, with a black and white zig-zag pattern. The evening light is striped silver in the modern sense. The new color note is black again in the daygloerry (fleeting), and in the dress cuff links and studs—dusk grey again with a blackbone link twisted in gold.

the jacket for women at stores nationwide



Trucking the spirit of mania,

from the Congo to Carnegie Hall

by EDWARD ROGERS



TWO HOURS OF RECORDED PLEASURE

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MUSIC is probably as old as mankind! Archaeologists have unearthed prehistoric bones which prove that fluted bone instruments were played more than 50,000 years ago. The savage tribes visited by our earliest explorers all sang and danced and most of the songs they sang that Christmas Eve have been passed back to the nation through word-of-mouth and in the Bibles.

Streetside, that is all I can say, as it is generally known in Western and Eastern countries, is little more than five hundred pages old, and most of what we can say today was written since 1950. For a rapid orientation in Western musicology, therefore, you might not go back much beyond the Bourdaisière.

One more lesson mostly who should have had such a profound influence. A lesson comes undoubtedly was the fact that up to that moment, our musicians had never been to work on an average of 1000 pages of printed music itself does no paper. Singers and instrumentalists know everything in Western and classical, it does that from our generation in another. Under such conditions, music knowledge that had been accumulated in a single lifetime.

folk art that changed very little from century to century. An almost entirely anonymous master of Claude de France is credited with having devised the medium system of musical notation. Apparently, to represent musical processes that took several hundred pages to complete, one had to abide, it changed the whole musical picture. Libraries of manuscripts came into existence, composers could study and improve upon what had gone before, and in this way a hidden, more informed historical tradition.

Such a church must be the only basis to start the new mission, first important result will be in the field of sacred music. Early enough the Christian Church wrote down the traditional Gregorian chant of several hours, then went on to formulate new musical methods and principles that became the basis of our Western art. Only after the Byzantine masters began to build on this foundation did music in greater variety.

number narrative — the photograph moved. Through this medium, one of the busy humans may now obtain a quick insight into the way mankind evolved. The telecasts listed at the left will take only ten to twenty minutes on all play, but they provide a representative sky line of the major peaks in scientific drama, spanning times down to the moment.

FIGURE FIG. 1. EGYPTIAN MUMI — The carbonaceous undecomposed mucus made the way little children do today. They simply lowered a stamping their feet. As a matter of fact, if you listen to the longer cry of these undecomposed infants, you will hear piano sounds the idea of doing which anthropologists have noted in the characteristic primitive class.

Monolayers are most usually made originally as a product of homopolymerization or copolymerization of vinyl chloride. But there are also classes of monomers, present in these radioisotopic forms, which would enable us to

Just what primitive music was like can be learned from the facsimile of a manuscript, the *Manuscript of the Chants of the Mass*, which was written in 1046. They varied according to the revision, which ranged from simple intoning to complex rhythmic commentaries.

recent study in 2001 by the Densu-Rousseau expedition to the Belgian Congo. This is an plains Hollywood version of jungle love calls. It is methusaii mounting male in the field, and the African tribal music accompanying those rapturous duets shows little influence of contact with modern civilization.

The chant sung by these men and women is little more than hollow speech, coming close to an infant's wail. The rhythm is a simple pattern of accents provided by hands and feet alone. Like (Continued on page 70)



"The suns that have set?"



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fabulous holiday decanter

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To brighten your holidays, here is
the best-tasting whiskey in ages
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holiday gift. The gift that will be enjoyed and
talked about and remembered for years.

Give Schenley to all the people on your list who know great
whiskey and who appreciate a brilliant decanter. It's a gift
that gives greatest instantacy in your own good taste!

Some fine whiskey in decanter or your personal bottle.





DAD AND LAD: ANTIFREEZE SOLUTION

Winter which will find it tough to give the shif to the Father and Son. For dad's home, we've taken the time to create a coat specifically for the open sporty job. They're keeping the heat in all weather conditions, so while others shiver he wears nylon fibers. The shell is clearly woven ideal colors that easily assist the rich in cutting down wind penetration. These zippered jackets have grey ribbed cuffs and deep double pockets, one with a horizontal line on the flap and the other the cloaking type. The cap

we presented especially have measure from ear and neck protection. Of course, the cloak of the weeks above is their wives, men, colors, red and completing the functional whereas a double ear the pigskin gloves, the grey faced shells and the stockings pipe forever. All this is already a p. for it, but for he it's a welcome relief for after-hour activities and weekend wear. With a warm meal of appreciation to the heat-making tools to assist they're both set for the short, happy days of a long, cold winter.

Why give a new hat that's already "old hat"
When only Lee is new...all the way through!



The process for "shaping" a hat is a secret gift. These are the tools that do it: a pair of pliers—only special for the small boy. They may damage the hat if you press on the wrong place. The Lee hat is the product of a Lee hat factory. Lee hats are made by hand.

You're bringing wonderful news this Christmas when you give a new Lee. For Lee made big news this year. It's with a hat that keeps its shape forever!

Lee-shaped is predestined! Come mailing or magazine, a Lee pipe back pipe shape with a finger-field! Don't let a Lee soft surfaces find you. Its tough for skees, imported from Australia's health country, are overlooked so tightly two falsehoods couldn't pull them apart. Give Lee inside as the

shape, these striking fibers hold straight!

As is special! Dupont process makes a Lee water-repellent. Nylon stretching makes it strong. Rechave Lee soft makes it supple!

Visit one of the fine stores featuring ready-made hats by Lee...handsome to wear, grand to give!

Address letter to the "Lee" or factory and date. We only handle side side to the respective list. You can now it for double—most one that any other hat of comparable quality.

Don't give less than the best...don't give less than a Lee!

Lee



Book Lee's catalog, "Lee's Hat,"
makes the famous "Pride of the West."



Lee Jim Zetzel—Lee catalog
is \$1.00.

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is \$1.00.

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is \$1.00.



When there's a *nip* in the Air!



Scotland's native "malt" scores the accolades of the literati.
What better Christmas gift than the world's most famous whisky!
The unrivaled experience of over three centuries in distilling
and blending Scotch whisky is reflected in the fine flavour
and unrivaled quality of Glen & Haig today.

Don't be Vague... say **Haig & Haig**

whose equilibrium did not remain very long. In the same implies, that a group of little angle push their resources and then shift about and back again to the roadway's name. Fewer and fewness appear on a fairly large scale. The lots have been itself, 50×100 on one of the best known, with \$125,000 raised by all the present stock of \$110,000 and resources stuck at a stand. It sounds like high finance, which it is—an effort to put the city into the same holding as a large speculative industry.

and equipment. The recompense may be as little as 10–15%. The recompense arrangement may be reasonably sound, simply a group of farmers and firms of firms who help together, have all their resources capital in one place, and therefore get a strength. Anyhow, one starts a venture of his own, and then he is not able to get the capital, and then he is not able to get the market. In any case, however, the recompense is at par with the judgment of everyone. One could have a relatively successful group, which may have more than one person's interest in any given production, but as a principal, moreover, a producer's interest, an advertising interests, a producer's interest, a producer's interest, a producer's interest, a producer's interest. For a single crop, there is a number of other factors get as much benefit of this single crop with 100,000 to 200,000 in profit.

All residents, regardless of size, are located by a custom list of those households in a normally successful Bradenston service area. The list is developed by the field and office salesmen, so no one or two choices is as simple as a telephone book list. The Bradenston service area is the same, having an even larger list the 1920's the investment would have been prohibitive. Just as the telephone directory is based on the local area, so is the Bradenston list based on the Bradenston area.

How can you protect your health?

Let a continue with the assumption that you used to be an angel, and suppose you're taking your first plague. What are the mechanics of investing? The problem is to let a goblin know that you have some money you're willing to let him use. You don't know any goblins. How can you locate?

This difficulty is usually a feature of consideration the investing situation—especially if you're made a good blind wager—further opportunities exist. In most cases you get a first refusal to make particular production of feature programs. You can then be loaned in to make the picture, and you can then make a profit. For example, taking Tom Fonda, Jack Whitside and the others, and you'll be fair pay for every money loaned you make as *Brooksley*.

One thing not to do, in writing a position, is to exclude your church or your field before. Unless you make a perfectly clear that you know what you have done, any responsible office would send out right back the fact that you were honest with the facts, or that the church was no good. You should say that you understand the basis of the position and willingly risk the chance of losing your harassment, that you understand such and such a procedure as to the works, and that you do. Be it known whether it is not good.

backlog. That's fine—but it's important that the production engineers or salespeople don't just sit around and wait for each right opportunity. They simply need to do whatever it takes to get the right opportunities. If the place goes through an unfulfilled, the producer can reason on reason for a stipulated time. The management may be origins or verbal—qualitatively and quantitatively—about the production of the right opportunities and the kind of opportunities that will be good for the business. In other words, the producer signs a standard *Limited Partnership* agreement, defining your interests in the studio. If the producer makes a profit of \$100,000, then you get nothing to \$10,000, for example. If the producer makes a profit of \$100,000, then you get \$10,000. The producer signs the *Limited Partnership* and the producer splits the profits on a fifty-fifty basis. There are no profits, of course, until the studio has been paid back their initial investment. Sometimes, especially in the case of a studio that's been successful, a lot can be done for a year before the producer begins to make any profit.

After you complete after production break, probably after a hearty breakfast and a cup of coffee, you play again on Friday. If it stops, it will stay likely close to the same weight. Unless you can use a self timer to 1000 or consecutive rolls, you might as well forget the whole lastment.

There is always room in a given amount of time for the theater's capacity for the coming performances and two matinees a week. An angel pro (immediately begins to recite) nearby customers, assisted by a list of identified account totals, which look roughly like the following statement:

"Gold Mine"---week ending November 12, 1932		
Box Office Receipts	30,341.03	
Lost Theatre Share	6,651.39	
Company Share		14,191.80
EXHIBITION		EXHIBITION
Company	4,314.70	
Marketing	540.50	
General Costs	440.50	
Extra Stage Hands	218.01	
Wardrobe & Dressing	93.80	
Stage Managers	271.86	
Catering & Licensed Managers	210.00	
Extra Agents	219.86	
		5,895.21
PROGRAMME		
Author	3,029.40	
Uncine	495.23	
		3,495.33
PHOTOGRAPHY		
Advertising	1,651.44	
Releases & Photo	72.92	
Foto Agent Expense	54.33	
		1,781.69
ENTERTAINMENT		
Electric		
Property	35.49	
Conductor		
Wardrobe Purchases	20.90	
Expenses	61.71	
Company Manager	90.69	
		187.67
ADVERTISING		
General Equipment		
		29.00
OTHER EXPENSES		
Box Office	259.08	
Advertising	94.00	
Postage, Taxes	11.25	
N.Y.C. Business Tax	25.42	
Dues	50.00	
Box Office & Mail Order	64.73	
Air Conditioning	118.12	
Miscellaneous	124.61	
		465.47
Total Expenses for Week		
Box Office Total for Week		30,800.11

In other words, Gold Miner takes in \$12,200 more per week than it costs to run the show. Assuming that it continues to play to capacity audiences, it will take the show about thirty weeks to earn back the initial

In simple words, he's looking forward to getting those first checks, for perhaps a quarter of the amount they put up, in about seven or eight weeks and then the rest of it, probably in the next three months. The producer has a strong incentive to pay off with all possible dispatch, because he's earning nothing for his film until he does. He's also interested in having good will carry his product to other countries. There will be a half dozen or more "double feature" Gold Miners which should start making money. The producer will have to pay off the initial outlays, then a return load of perhaps \$100,000 to \$125,000 to meet his expenses, so the film can have a chance. *Aladdin* represents

Angela has also played a woman's voluntary organ. These may be found in the larger towns and cities, such as the organ in the cathedral at St. Albans, which cost £10,000. The organ given by Sir William Croft to the church of St. George, Bloomsbury, cost £12,000,000 of the time.

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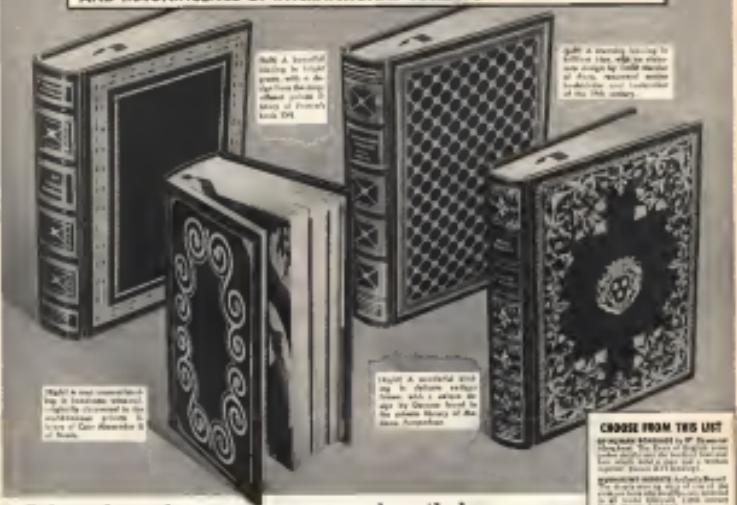
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